Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intentiõ, with the beames of her beautie, that it ſeemed as ſhe would a ſcorged me vp like a burning glaſſe. Here is another Letter to her, ſhee beares the purſe too. They ſhall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this Letter to miſtreſſe *Foord*. And thou this to miſtreſſe *Page*. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.

Piſt. Shall I ſir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my ſword were ſteele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Here ſirrha beare me theſe Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden ſhores:
Hence ſlaues, avant. Vaniſh like hailſtones, goe.
Falſtaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my ſelfe and ſcirted Page.

Exit Falſtaffe, and the Boy.

Piſ. And art thou gone? Teaſter Ile haue in pouch
When thou ſhalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are humors of reuenge.

Piſ. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

Piſ. By wit, or ſword?

Nym. With both the humors I will diſcloſe this loue to *Page*. Ile poſes him with Iallowes,

And